

THE FLOWER OF THE AIR.

They had been little goat herders to-
gether on the Sicilian hillsides, Giuseppe
and Maddalena. There, where the
magic of Theocritus yet lingers, the
brown children are as beautiful as
Graces among the olive groves and
vineyards. Maddalena, dancing with
her ragged skirt held high, and her
brown bare feet twinkling in the grass
were the daisies, might have made
a living part of an idyl. It was always
Maddalena who danced, and Beppo
who sat on the scorched hillside piping
her music, his brown eyes mysterious
with dreams.

They were both orphans and perhaps
the loneliness was a link to draw them
closer together. For such there was the
stick if the goats strayed or they forgot
to be home by sundown. Maddalena
had her own share of beatings, yet she
would have borne them double, fretted,
if Beppo could only have gone free, for
Beppo was fragile and gentle, and the
stick that only enraged her and made
her obstinate had, on the contrary,
made Beppo ill for days.

Yet, if Maddalena had not kept her
wit about her, they would have been
in trouble much oftener than they
were. It was Beppo who would forget
on the warm hillside the sickness of
his last beating, and the chill of his
empty stomach, making tunes for Mad-
dalena to dance to, while the goats in-
vaded the vineyards, or the dews and
night found them yet far afield.

It was good while the summer lasted,
and the children could forget the beat-
ings in the comfort of the sun on their
half-clad bodies. But harder when it
was winter, sharp and bright, and there
were more children, real children of the
house, than the house could hold, and
Beppo's starvation and nakedness told
upon him, so that he coughed and grew
hollow-eyed, while Maddalena was only
exhausted by the clear air and the un-
winking sunlight.

Maddalena "was always the little
mother, ready with compassion and
comfort for her Beppo, when they wan-
dered apart from the other children, who
looked at them askance because they
were orphans, and had to bear the
blame and the blows.

She was very much stronger than the
boy, and their positions were quite re-
versed, she bearing the heavy burdens
and taking the rough roads; he accept-
ing this state of things, as though he
were the girl and she the boy. No one
but Maddalena knew as the boy himself
did the aches and the weariness that
made him lean on his friend as a sick
child on the bosom of his mother.

But there was neither sickness nor
chill in the air the day Antonio came
that way.

It was a brilliant day and the joy of
the world had got into Beppo's ruf-
fled and Maddalena's dancing. The little
dark golden-brown girl in her ragged
frook of brown and orange and scarlet
was gay as a hummingbird. Lightly
as one she poised and floated and sway-
ed over the burned grasses, and danced
faster as Beppo, with eyes of rapture,
made wilder music.

Suddenly the pipe fell from his lips
and the dancer came to earth.

"Brava, bravissima!" from the lips of
a stranger had sufficed to break the spell.

The newcomer was a bearded, dark
fellow of middle age, with a wide
mouth, and a smile of extreme enjoy-
ment that fell on the children with a
sufficing friendliness. He was extrava-
gantly dressed, with a profusion of
bright colors and a hat hung with rib-
bons. The children thought him very
fine, and gazed at him open-mouthed.

"I am sorry," he said, making a bow
to Maddalena, "to have interrupted the
signorina's delicious performance. See
here"—he took from his breeches pocket
a handful of small coins and scattered
them—"This is a tribute to beauty and
genius, if Antonio Romano could but
follow the promptings of his heart."

He seated himself on the grass by
Beppo, with the manner of one coming
critically to the theatre.

"Dance now, my beauty," said he;
"dance again and let me delight myself
with your grace! And you, Signor
First Violin, will you not tune up
again?"

"Ah," he cried, and again "Ah," with
deep breaths of satisfaction. And at
last, having applauded vigorously, he
began to lead him to their
mothers in the cottage below.

"Ah!" said Maddalena. I have no
mother, nor has Beppo. None care for
us, looked distractedly about the hill-
side each other, and make pets of the
goats."

She started suddenly, and springing
up, looked distractedly about the hill-
side.

"They have wandered again," she
cried, "and to-night there will be beat-
ings and no supper for thee, Beppo, and
for me. Alas! it is my fault, and it is
only last night that she beat thee, and
starved thee, caro."

She ran to Beppo and caught his
head to her breast as might a mother,
quite unheeding the presence of the
gay stranger, who was the cause of
their transgression.

But Antonio Romano swore an oath
while the Recording Angel might well
blot out.

"Per Bacco!" he cried, "Who is she,
this monster that beats and starves
motherless babes? And thou, flower of
the air, dost thou also go hungry as well
as thy flute player?"

Maddalena nodded energetically.

A smile broke over the stranger's ex-
pressive face.

"Come away, my children," he said,
"and let the goats wander home un-
guided at evening. Come; we have
room for both in the great caravan be-
low there. We go to Palermo, where
the signor shall pipe to her."

He spread his hands out above their
heads.

may the little one he gave to heaven
forget him!"

He took a hand of each, and the chil-
dren, fascinated, went away with him.
Down below the hillside, in the shadow
of the woods, the oxen that drew the
great yellow and scarlet caravans made
sleets for the mid-day.

Antonio was as good as his word. No
father and mother could have been
more tender to the little waifs than he
and Teresita.

There was no hue and cry upon their
tracks. Who cared for them, the
poor little human crickets, when the
goats came home alone in the evening.
At first the stick stood ready to the
stout peasant's hands to punish them
when they should come. But presently
it was realized that they would not
come and none grieved, since Beppo
was a weakling and Maddalena pas-
sionate and obstinate.

The years passed very happily, jour-
neying up and down the strange coun-
tries, with Antonio and Teresita and
their troupe of mummets. Maddalena
brought prosperity of a kind to Antonio.
She was no ordinary dancing girl,
no common acrobat. The strength and
suppleness which made Antonio call
her "Flower of the Air" retained her
name, and everywhere the caravans
halted drew crowds to see her dance
on the light rope and disport herself at
giddy heights as secure and graceful as
any bird.

But, as the snows and storms drove
the circus into winter quarters, so the
snows of age in time fell on Antonio.
They had all earned for the day and
saved nothing; and the time came
when the troupe melted and broke up,
and Antonio and Teresita were left all
but alone with their children.

It was then that the English impres-
sario saw the performance of the
"Flower of the Air" and offered her an
engagement at a salary that night took
her breath away.

Maddalena danced with joy.

"Now it is my turn," she said, "and
you will go back to Sicily, little father
and mother, and own a little vineyard,
and keep a roof for Beppo and me to
return to one day."

"Beppo will go with thee, child?" said
Antonio. "It is well. Are you not brother
and sister? And Teresita and I will
be happier knowing he is near thee in
the wicked world."

"We are to marry, Beppo and I. See
you, we have always loved each other.
Before you came to love us we had only
each other and the Madonna and the
angels. And it is better that I should be
Signora than Signorina in the world we
go to."

And so it was settled, and the little
lovers of old became husband and
wife and went away with the English
Impressario, while Antonio and Teresita
went sadly back to Sicily and be-
came proprietors, selling the caravans
and turning the white oxen to the plough.

The performance at the Variety drew
many of the class which likes to see its
fellow creatures throw dice with death.
Two men watched her from a private
box as she curtsied to the audience.
She was unspeakably brilliant in her
doublet of gold tissue and hose of yel-
low satin.

"What a charming creature," said
one.

"Yes," said the other, and then lifted
his hat. "Aveo for Martyrum!" he
added gravely.

"Why Hilton," said the other, "what
words in such a place!"

"I say it every time I see her," said
the other. "Look, man, and you will
say it, too. Don't you see the martyr in
her eyes?"

"You are sentimental, Hilton."

"No, it is only that you are dull,
Daiyell. One day—she will be less
strong than usual, or she will be dis-
tracted—the least little wrench during
her somersault, and she will break her
back. I have come here day after day
to see it. She knows that it will hap-
pen in all probability. She is prepared
for death every time she steps on that
stage. It is a race between her and
death."

"I hope you are not right, Hilton. If
you are, the legislature should put
down her performances."

"It will eventually, when some great

awakening of conscience comes to our
country people. Just look at their
faces. Those women there have the
very expression of the Roman dames
when they turned up the thumb.
What do you suppose brings them here
except the chance of seeing young little
human flower smashed to pieces?"

"And you, Hilton?"

"I came for the same purpose, but for
another reason. Do you see the hand-
some fellow in the wings who glances
ever the signorina's beauty?"

"A lover?"

"Yes, and a husband. It is for his
sake the child runs a race with death
every day. It is for his sake I am
here."

"She called me in to see him. He
has been spitting blood."

"Does he know her danger?"

"He sees the performance is danger-
ous, but he is used to it, and he has un-
bounded confidence in her strength and
dexterity. They keep themselves from
thinking too much by planning the life
in Sicily when her peril is over—all the
years are provided for. They do not
ask much, poor children. They have
all the Italian's frugality. I pray the
thing may end well. But now—ah!
there she goes, like a golden butterfly."

Daiyell looked at the man in the
wings. Unseen by the rest in the
house, he was kissing his hand to the
woman in the flies. His slender figure
leaned forward a little; his eager eyes
were full of light.

Suddenly he could not tell how it
happened, it was in a flash of time—the
man in the wings staggered and pitched
forward. He had the impulse to
rush to his aid. But there rang
through the hall the most terrible cry,
and then everyone rose up; there was
a hoarse shout, a pressing forward, a
swaying, a breaking out of many
voices, and the mass of people was
rushing confusedly in one direction.

"I don't think he will know," said
Daiyell, in a hushed voice, looking for-
ward the huddled-up figure in the
wings. "At least he did not see her
fall. Thank God for that!"

"The Flower of the Air" had been
carried behind the scenes.

Dr. Hilton hurried there, made a
hasty examination.

"Her back is broken," he said; "she
will not live very long. She is smashed
to pieces."

"Come with me," said Daiyell. "I
think they have not found him, but her
husband is lying in the wings."

"No. I am afraid she saw him. It
must have been that that caused the
accident."

"Ah! I saw her poor little face. Then
she came—crash!"

Beppo was carried to a dressing
room. There was nothing to be done
for him. He had died quite suddenly.

"Angina pectoris, no doubt," said
Dr. Hilton. "Perhaps, poor lad, he re-
alized suddenly that she was in deadly
peril. Perhaps not. Anyhow, he has
gone before her."

In the broken little figure of the
"Flower of the Air" life stirred. The
eyes, that seemed the only things un-
injured, opened and fixed themselves
after a minute on Dr. Hilton's face.

"Beppo," she said with difficulty. "I
saw him fall."

The doctor held something to her
lips.

"Be brave, my child; you are dying,
but he has gone before you."

"Ah! he need not know. It will be
better than Sicily—and there are none
sick there. The money is for the old
people. You will find it—Dr. Hilton—at
my lodgings."

The voice died off in sing-song.
She, that he—has gone first—I could not
have left him."

"Come Daiyell," said Dr. Hilton. "We
can do no more. She will not speak
again."—Boston Journal.

THE DOG WAS TIRED.

A Good Story That Gen. Lawton Used
to Delight in Telling.

Chicago Record: General Lawton
never weary of repeating the follow-
ing story, which, he said, illustrated the
irrepressible good humor of the negro
soldier.

"The night of the El Caney affair,"
said the general, "when my division was
marching back to El Paso to take up
a new position the next morning, I was
sitting with Major G. Creighton Webb,
inspector general of my staff, and one
of the pluckiest men I know, at the side
of the road. My men were filing past,
and we watched them. They were tired,
out, but full of ginger. The day was
just beginning to dawn when we heard
some one coming down the road, talking
at the top of his lungs. He came, and
laughed and laughed and talked,
and the men with him were chattering
and joking.

"Here come the colored troops," said
Webb, and sure enough the Twenty-
fifth infantry came along. The man
who was doing the talking was a six-
foot corporal. He carried two guns and
two cartridge belts loaded full, and the
man to whom the extra gun belonged
was limping along beside him. The cor-
poral was weighted down with his
blanket and haversack, but in his arms
he carried a dog, the mascot of his com-
pany.

"Here, corporal," said Webb, "didn't
you march all last night?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, trying
to salute.

"And didn't you fight all day?"

"Sure sir."

"And haven't you been marching ever
since 10 o'clock to-night?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal.

"Well, then," shouted Webb, "what in
thunder are you carrying that dog for?"

"Why, boss, the dog's tired," was the
reply.

"Webb just rolled over in the dirt and
laughed and cried like a boy."

Joke on the Other Fellow.

His Mother (to wife going through the
pockets of her husband's clothing)—I
wouldn't do that, Irene. Come, now, do
you think it is right?

Wife (That dress and that pocketbook
my object is not mercenary. I only want
to play a practical joke upon any pick-
pocket who may happen to operate upon
dear George)—I'm not a thief, Irene.

Is Your Ailment Catarrh?—I had
Catarrh for one year. "I had Catarrh
for two years," I had Catarrh for five
years. "I had Catarrh for twenty
years." I had Catarrh for fifty years.
Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder cured me.
These are sentences from the
volumes and volumes of testimony for
this great catarrh cure, not only for men
but for women from men and women
all over the continent who have been
cured. It relieves in ten minutes. Sold
by Charles R. Goette, Twelfth and Mar-
ket streets.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of J. C. Atkinson

NOTHING BUT FACTS

No Deception Used in Talking
About Morrow's Kid-ne-olds

The Arguments in Their Favor Come
From Those who Have Tested
Their Merits.

There is no deception in anything we
publish about Morrow's Kid-ne-olds.
All of our statements are facts, and are
made from people right here in Wheel-
ing. People in all walks of life are un-
derstanding because they cure backache,
nervousness, sleeplessness and general
debility, in cases where other remedies
have failed.

Mrs. Chas. A. Taylor, residing at 3519
Chapline st., makes the following state-
ment and says: "I suffered with dis-
ordered kidneys and liver for several
months. My condition became alarm-
ing, and pains across the small part of
my back were extremely severe, and I
could get no rest from them day or
night. I would be so nervous and sleep-
less at night that it would be impos-
sible for me to get any rest, and I
would get up in the morning more tired
than when going to bed.

"My liver was so bad that my com-
plexion was very yellow and even the
whites of my eyes were yellow. It
seemed impossible for me to get any-
thing that would do me any good, until
I read where drug stores guaran-
teed Morrow's Kid-ne-olds to cure all
disorders of the kidneys, and Morrow's
Liverax to cure all liver trouble, and I
decided to try them. I got some, and
in a short time after I began their use,
the pain disappeared from my
back and my complexion cleared up;
the yellow color left my eyes and I
have felt well ever since."

Morrow's Kid-ne-olds are not pills,
but yellow tablets, and are put up in
wooden boxes which contain enough
for about two weeks' treatment, and
sell at fifty cents a box. Morrow's
Liverax are small red granules, and
will cure constipation; they sell at
twenty-five cents a box. Both reme-
dies are for sale at all drug stores.
A descriptive booklet will be mailed upon
request by John Morrow & Co., chem-
ists, Springfield, Ohio.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

January 7, 1900. Luke 11, 1-16.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

Augustus, first of the Caesars, was
most diligent of all of them in obtain-
ing statistics of his vast dominion. His
passion for census-taking served Providence
well, though he was all uncon-
scious of the contribution he was mak-
ing toward that most stupendous event of
human history. The king, he had
just in this instance in the hand of the
Lord as the rivers of water; he turned
as he wished. The imperial decree is-
sued on the 28th called upon the Jews
to take a journey along the
Jordan—a journey all unnoticed by
earth, but every step of which was
viewed by heaven with breathless in-
terest.

If the Roman method of enrollment
had been followed, Joseph and Mary
would have taken no journey at all.
They would have reported at the place
of their residence. But the emperor
made a concession to Hebrew prejudice,
and allowed the report to be made at
their ancestral cities and villages. This
brought Joseph and Mary to Beth-
lehem. But it brought others also on the
same errand, and in such numbers as
to tax all places of entertainment to
their uttermost; so that the weary trav-
elers were glad to avail themselves of
a stall, from which some beast was
turned to make room for them.

Midway between Jerusalem and Beth-
lehem was the "Watch-tower of the
Flock," where the sheep intended for
temple altars were pastured. The keep-
ers of this sacred flock had a constant
object-lesson before them of the Lamb
of God, and it was exceedingly appro-
priate that the angelic announcement of
his advent should have been made to
the shepherds. The prepared message came
to prepared ears.

Every syllable of this seraphic procla-
mation is weighted with superlative
meaning. "To you I give the first-
fruits of the flock," the angel's words
calculated to disarm our native dread
of the supernatural, and to make us fam-
iliar with angels and fit to associate
with them. "Bringing good tidings and
evangelizing as one sent of God." That
angel was first of a long line of
evangelists. To repeat his story is the
mission of every believer. To all peo-
ple signifies the universal adoption of
the gospel; "a Savior," because he
redeems "Christ," the Anointed One,
solely set apart by his Father to this
holy and redemptive work; "I and he,"
because all things were created by him
and for him.

But this new-born Prince will not be
found in a golden crib or under a silken
canopy.

"Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are
shining. Low lies his bed 'mid the beasts of the
field."

Humiliation, however, is the very seal
to his Messiahship. Manger and swad-
dle are the double indorsement upon his
holy commission. The angel's announce-
ment of the fact that he is born in a
stable.

Now upon the vision of the already
entraptured shepherds there burns a bril-
liant spectacle. The night is dark, and
peopled by a multitude of the heavenly
host. Wave on wave of seraphic music
rolls over all those wide-extended plains.
Grand oratorio never greeted human
ears.

But the shepherds were not satisfied
with the aesthetic enjoyment afford-
ed by sight and sound. They did not
content themselves with debating or doubting.
Their language was: "The thing is come
to pass." "The Lord has made it
known." "Let us go and see and ascer-
tain." "The shepherd start on a run for
Bethlehem. My soul! What a word is
that! 'THEY FOUND THE BABE!' Be-
lieve it! It was no illusion."

"As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
The whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat."

The Teacher's Lantern.

Aside from Scripture, the existence of
angels cannot be proven; but believing
in them on the testimony of the Word,
their appearance in connection with the
Advent is in the highest degree proba-
ble and appropriate. These spiritual,
intelligent and holy beings, companions
and messengers of God, would be in-
tensely interested in the event, and
were the appointed interpreters of the
highest heaven and lowest
earth met that Advent night. Von Oester-
mann says: "There is something un-
speakably great and glorious in the
fact that the shepherds were engaged in
unity of spirit, of angels with shepherds."
It is noteworthy that this
lovely and unobtrusive apparition came
to those who were engaged in com-
mon place work. The shepherds were in the
field, keeping the night-watches. So
clearly vision is the spiritual and
our clearest vision is to use while loyalty
and for Christ's sake attending to petty
duties amid the humdrum of life. And
we will keep the spiritual only by
making it a habit to obey the call of
duty—a thought which is charmingly
expressed in Longfellow's "Legend
of the Lost Sheep." The shepherds were
not disobedient to the heavenly vision.
Rarely had the radiant forms of the
singers faded, and the echo of their hal-
lucinations away in the Jewish hills,
when these rustic men were on their
way to Bethlehem. A like obedience on

of candy and chocolate to the regular
ration greatly improved the health
and endurance of troops using it. Since
that time the German government has
issued cakes of chocolate and a limited
amount of other confectionery to her
soldiers.

It may also be noted that the British
war office, at the special request of the
queen, has just forwarded 500,000
pounds of chocolate in half-pound
packages as a Christmas treat for the
troops in the Transvaal. These are in
special packages, stamped with the
seal of the queen. American jam man-
ufacturers are considering a movement
to add jam to the army ration. It has
been found wholesome for the British
army, and 1,450,000 pounds have been
dispatched to South Africa as a four
months' supply for 118,000 troops.

Luke Warme—They say time passes
rapidly in pay Paree.
Mack O'Brien—Yes, they even use
quick sand in the hourglasses—Chicago
News.

AMERICA makes the finest brand of
champagne. Cook's Imperial Extra
Dry. It is delicious, fruity and pure.

WHEN IN DOUBT—TRY

SEX-MEDICINE

There are as much like COATED
ELECTRICITY as science can make
them. Each one produces as much
nervous energy as is con-
tained in the amount of food a man
consumes in a week. This is why
to those who are tired, nervous, or
suffer from nervous diseases, such as Debility,
Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Nervousness,
etc. They enable you to think clearly
by developing brain matter, force
healthy circulation, cure indigestion,
and impart bounding vigor to the
whole system. All weakness and
disease-debilitating drains and
losses permanently cured. Delay
may mean Insanity, Consumption
and Death.

Price, 50¢ per box; six boxes (with
franklin guarantee to cure or re-
fund money) \$3. Book containing
full proof, free. Address Paul
Medicine Co., Cleveland, O.

For Sale by Charles R. Goette, Druggist,
Twelfth and Market Streets.

LION COFFEE

Used in Millions of Homes!
Accept no substitute!
Insist on LION COFFEE, in 1 lb. pkgs.

These articles mailed FREE in
exchange for lion heads cut from
front of 1 lb. LION COFFEE pkgs.

Gold Collar Button.
Mailed free for 5 lion heads cut from Lion
Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. Made
of solid gold and with mother-of-pearl
back; suitable alike for ladies and gentle-
men. This shape is handy and popular.

Daisy Neck-Pin.
Genuine Hard-Enamel
and Gold.
For 15 lion heads and
a 2-cent stamp.
Illustration is only two-thirds actual size.
Color a delicate pink, with jewel setting
and gold trimmings. Best enamel finish,
style and durable.

"The Lion's Bride."
Mailed free for 12 lion heads cut from
Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp.
An unusually fine picture, from the brush
of the noted German artist, Gerdard. It
is founded on Chatterbox's poem, "The
Lion's Bride." The story is interesting,
and we send with each picture a hand-
some folder, containing copy of the poem
and telling all about it. Size, 15x25 inches.

"Dorothy and Her Friends."
A bright,
cheery picture.
For 8 lion heads
and a 2-cent stamp.
A bright, cheery
picture, represent-
ing a fairy play-
ing with her chick-
ens and her rabbits.
The predominant
colors are rich reds
and greens. Size,
14x21 inches.
For 10 lion heads
and a 2-cent stamp
and a 5-cent stamp
ready for hanging.

50-Foot Clothes Line.
Given for 15
lion heads and
a 2-cent stamp.
Made of closely
braided cotton
threads, strong, and will give the best
satisfaction.

Naval Box Kite.
See it Fly!
The cele-
brated kite
now so
popular,
but can
quickly
be spread to
fit. Every
American boy
wants one,
and older
persons also
are interested.
Mailed free for 40 lion heads cut from
Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp.

Fruit Picture.
Mailed free for 10 lion heads cut from
Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp.
Size, 15x24 inches. Given for 8 lion
heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Ladies' Apron.
Made of good
quality lawn, with
all-weather pattern,
and tucked hem at
bottom, and is neatly
gathered at the top.
Size, 36x40
inches. Given for 20
lion heads and a 2-cent
stamp.

Child's Drawing Book.
A collection
of nice outline
pictures bound
into book form
with sheets of
time paper be-
tween. The
leaves contain
tissue paper for
children to draw
the pictures on, thus
affording enjoy-
ment as well as in-
struction to the
hand and eye. These
drawing books are
the box of crayons go
very well together.
There are six different
kinds, and each
drawing book requires
6 lion heads and a
2-cent stamp.

Ladies' Scissors.
For 10 lion heads
and a 2-cent stamp.
Five wax crayons,
fifteen different
colors, 4x5 cm.
panel with out-
line pictures for
coloring. 2x4
inches. Crayons
are wrapped with
strong paper, to
prevent break-
ing.
Length, five inches, suitable for cutting,
trimming and general household use.
Given for 12 lion heads and a 2-cent
stamp.

Razor.
Given for 35 lion heads and a 2-cent
stamp. A first-class razor, made of best
English steel, and extra hollow-ground.

Rubber Dressing Comb.
For 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.
Length, 7 inches, full size and weight.
Made of genuine India rubber. Really
finest. Appropriate for a ladies' dress-
ing-case or for use in the household.

Game "India."
Similar to "Par-
chet," which has
been played in ear-
ly countries since
before the dawn of
history. The illus-
tration shows plan
of the game, with
usual complements
and dice-cups ac-
companying it. A
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never tire of playing. Given for 20 lion
heads and a 2-cent stamp.

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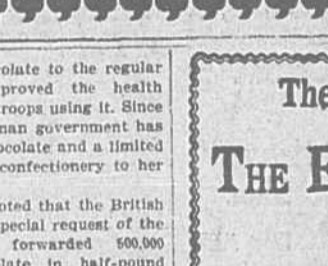
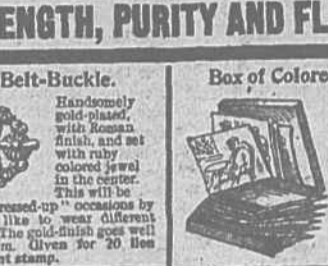
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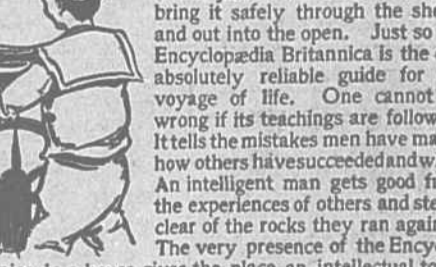
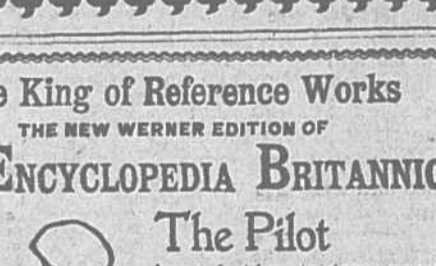
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